

By the Gods

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Summary: On a cold winter's night, a certain Night Fury is contemplating life when he gets a visit from his brother. Many things are not as they appear, and the dragon might be the only one who knows all.

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"Toothless! Tooooooothless!"

The concerned cries echo throughout Berk, but the Night Fury, nestled quite contentedly on a nearby ridge, pays them no heed. The human would survive a single night without him; he'd survived years without him in the past. Besides, he needs time to think. Away from the boy.

"Is that him?"

Yellow eyes snap to the right, pupils narrowing to slits. A man sits there, quite unconcerned by the fact that he is well within range of the dragon's deadly claws. He is dressed much differently than the Viking men in the village below; like a prince compared to peasants. His armor is flawless; the mail made of shining silver and the rest of metals and materials that are still unknown to the people here. A red velvet cape falls from his shoulders, and a winged silver helmet covers his shoulder-length gold locks.

"Hiccup Stoickson," the man clarifies, ignoring the dragon's soft snarl at the mention of the name. "Is it him?"

The Night Fury hesitates before he slowly dips his head.

"He cares for you," observes the man.

The dragon snorts, and the man raises an eyebrow. "You don't think so? Why else is he braving the cold of a winter's night to find you, then, eh?"

This time, the Night Fury shakes his head, causing the man to chuckle.

"Always the stubborn one." He either is oblivious to the reproachful glare the dragon shoots him, or he simply chooses not to see it.

The two sit there in silence for a few moments, a slight tension between them. But it's a sort of amicable tension, if such a thing exists. The man palms his beautifully crafted war hammer, switching it from hand to hand, examining it in the faint starlight. The Night Fury glares at the blades of grass beneath his paws, as if expecting them to wither and die as he does so.

"I feel as if I'm going mad; talking and receiving no words in return," the man says eventually, his mouth twisted in a wry smile. "Care to turn back?"

The dragon regards him coolly for a moment, before his gold eyes turn to green and suddenly his whole form is twisting, bubbling, shifting. It's only a moment before the Night Fury is no longer a Night Fury, but a man as well.

He wears armor similar in quality and design to the other, though his mail is gold and his cape green. His own helm " also gold ", which conceals his shorter, dark hair, has two long pointed horns curving up and back from the front of it.

"Is this better?" he asks, his voice somewhat raspy from disuse.

The silver-helmed man claps him on the shoulder, grinning. "It's good to see you again, brother."

The dragon-turned-man huffs in amusement, the hint of a smirk tugging on one corner of his mouth. "And you, Thor."

Thor turns his attention back to the village, smiling. The boy's cries, slightly quieter now, still echo in the near-silence.

"Hiccup Stoickson continues to call to you," he says after a moment.

His brother grimaces. "Don't call him that."

Thor gives him an odd look out of the corner of his eye. "What? That _is_ his name" is it not?" When his brother does not reply, he turns to face him fully, his blue eyes narrowed. "Loki" His voice carries a warning tone in it.

Loki stares at the ground, his lip curling slightly in a sneer. "That fool Stoick doesn't know a thing." His distaste for the man is all too clear in the way he spits his name; like it would poison him if he draws it out too long.

Thor frowns. "What are you-?"

"Alrek Lokason," he says quickly. "That's his name. His _real_"

one."

His brother stares at him, and Loki resumes glaring at the grass he sits on. After a few moments, Thor chuckles, his gaze moving to the stars.

"You really did love that mortal."

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, Loki nods. Thor smiles. "And it all suddenly falls into place," he murmurs, more to himself than to anyone else.

"He's my son, Thor!" Loki bursts out, suddenly defensive. "I couldn't just leave him here with that idiot pretending to be his father! He didn't even accept him until he starting taming all the dragons! He needed to have some sort of support someone who genuinely-" he pauses for a moment, as if searching for the right words. When they finally come, they are soft, bare whispers, "-loved him."

"You make a great father," the blond man notes.

Loki scoffs. "I am not that to him, though. A best friend, perhaps, but not a father. I taught him what I could so that Stoick would finally realize what a gift he'd been given. So he'd earn the praise of whom he thinks is his father." He shakes his head. "But I am not a father to him."

His brother regards him steadily. "Perhaps it is better this way."

The look he receives is startled. "What do you mean?"

"You can be present for him without utterly changing all he knows to be true. Come now, what if you were suddenly told that Father wasn't your father? It would throw you into a state of confusion, no doubt." He smiles at his brother; a reassuring expression. "You've done great things for him, brother. Do not discount my words."

Loki only narrows his eyes and continues to glare at the ground, a soft sigh escaping his lips. It's plain to the blond man that no matter what he says "or, indeed, what Loki does" it will never seem to be enough to him.

Thor rises, then, stretching almost lazily. "I'll inform Father he should not expect you to return promptly."

His brother looks up at him, shock apparent in his wide green eyes. Then he smiles; a genuine smile, the likes of which Thor knows for a fact has not touched his face in years. "Thank you, brother."

The silver-helmed man simply winks at him before he turns and walks away, deeper into the wild forest that surrounds the village.

Loki gazes down at the town of Berk, the hint of a smile still playing on his lips as he hears the boy's calls; though they're fainter, now, than they were moments ago. More than likely he's now looking for him on the other side of town.

A whirlwind of light engulfs the ridge he sits on, and moments later the Night Fury is once again slinking in between the houses of Berk,

quite a bit more stealthily than any of his draconic kin would be in a similar situation. It is this stealth that allows him to sneak up and tag the young human with his paw, causing him to let out a yelp of surprise before he realizes whom it is.

"Toothless!" he cries, and his voice is relieved. He throws his arms around the dragon's neck. "Where have you been, bud? I've been looking all over for you!"

The Night Fury gives him an innocent look, and he sighs, shaking his head with a smile. "You really need to stop sneaking off all the time, y'know. I was getting worried!"

The dragon gives him a toothless grin, nudging his shoulder lightly with his nose, and he laughs.

"C'mon, bud. Let's go home."

Side by side, they begin the walk back to the boy's home; the dragon who is not a dragon, and the boy who is not who he thinks he is.

****So, upon watching How To Train Your Dragon again, I decided that a crossover between it and Thor simply had to happen. Trouble is, I didn't have a plotline for it. But thanks to Google and Tumblr, I found a post by the lovely **tierboskat **that suggested Loki as Toothless. So I made it happen. Hopefully it's up to snuff.****

****I may or may not make this into a twoshot; the second part being when Hiccup finds out Loki is Toothless and has to accept the fact that he's his dad, too. Yea/nay? If I get some yeas, I'll probably eventually get around to writing that. (Though I am super slow, just warning y'all.) Anyways, hope you enjoyed, and reviews are much appreciated!**
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****~Sapphire Kyogre****

****(Also, thanks a ton to PixelMilli and Grovyle Knight for proofreading. You guys are awesome! X3)**
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End
file.